

# LIME ROCK GAZETTE.

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## A New Year's Gift. FROM A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

BY MRS. SUSAN B. THOMPSON.

Dear husband of my heart! On this glad morn,  
This birth-day of the year, I would I bring  
An offering worthy of thy love; but words  
Can never tell what thou hast been and art  
To me, my best beloved, my friend and guide,  
Sharer of all my joys and sympathies;  
Kind solace of my griefs; through every scene  
That trod the varied page of life, thy love  
Hath been the same; it never yet hath waned,  
But still the trace of early fondness wears.  
Thou art the cherished prop, next to Christ,  
My trusting heart most leans upon for strength  
In the dark and trying scenes of life.  
Whenever maternal care hath filled my heart,  
Kind warm, heart, with sympathy sincere,  
And happy, heart-cheering smile, hast shared with me  
A parent's anxious thoughts, and ever strove  
To lighten all my weary toils and cares.  
When days of agony and sleepless nights  
Have pressed on me so heavily that life  
Itself became a wretchedness, thy love  
Hath been my stay; for fond affection's glance,  
Like some bright spirit from above, can nerve  
The fainting heart to meet life's wildest storm;  
And grief divided with a kindred soul  
Is sweeter far than all earth's joys apart.  
When sickness long hath chained me to my couch,  
The magic of thy care hath given to life  
A charm unknown before; to ease my pain,  
Thy own dear hand the healing art employs,  
And to no hitherto leaves its task of love.  
Oh! how unlike the purchased care of those  
Whose practiced sympathy is measured out  
With sparing hand; and cold and heartless tones  
Dear husband—kind physician—nurse and friend,  
Faithful in all, as most my need requires;  
Naught can thy tenderness estrange from me,  
For thou dost prize a faithful heart far more  
Than beauty's witching face or sunny smile.  
Oh have I felt that all this world could give,  
Of glory, wealth or power, were nothing worth,  
If thou wert not the shrine wherein my heart  
Is choicest earnestly offering mirth place.  
I freely laid my hand in thine—and gave  
With it my heart—and vowed to bear a fond  
And faithful part, through all thy after fate,  
Kind, generous and true, and cheerfully  
I took that vow of love which binds my soul  
To thee—that vow which *Death alone shall break*;  
And ever shall be true the confidence  
The love and prayers of thy devoted wife.

## THE STORY OF A PENNY.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

That money is the base of respectability, and the great engine for achieving happiness, were paramount impressions on the mind of Charles Warrender, when as a young mercantile speculator, he entered life; to a worldly education, and the influences of mercenary home precepts and example, he owed these impressions, which, like most derived from that source, and imprinted at the dawning time of life, are received without examination, and acted upon without reflection. An early marriage surrounded him with a family, and in this giving hostages to fortune he added spurs to his passion for gain. Day after day he plodded into the city; night after night he wended his way home with anticipations of fortune and projects for its realization fermenting his brain. A pleasant unpretending suburban residence, with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life, to which a gentle, agreeable wife and blooming children gave a thousand charms, almost vainly solicited a heart resolved to be satisfied with nothing less than the golden lure which dazzles the multitude and those glittering distinctions to which they refer.

It rarely happens that industry, determination and perseverance, fulfil entirely of their object. A few years of incessant toil and anxiety effected some success; he saw incipient fortune rising round him; that which had been so long looming in the distance was drawing gradually near; he began to feel a growing impatience; he occupied a large house richly furnished, he commanded a suitable number of servants, his wife moved amid a wealthy circle, was adorned by the costly fabrics of the looms of fashion, she and his children enjoyed all that "attendance and observance" which opulence so easily commands. Yet even now he did not pause in his career—there was a vista beyond, to which he still pressed forward. The aversion of gain, the ambition of ostentation grew by what they fed on. Speculations, like spectres, haunted his path, scarcely standing in obedience during the hours of domestic enjoyment, or amid the society splendor in which he loved to indulge; for he continually called crowds to his brilliant drawing rooms, feeling thence at once the gratification of displaying present opulence, and, by keeping up and extending congenial connections, strengthening the schemes that were to enlarge his resources. Still he would promise his wife, (a being of a milder character and more moderate ambition, that he would bound his aims; that there was a point, which once attained, should find him satisfied; that he would then seek in love, leisure and social friends, the bright fruits—the real rewards of all his toils and tortures in the pursuit of wealth and station.

Circumstances at length introduced him to a coadjutor—a man plausible and prepossessing, whose intimate knowledge of human nature and extensive experience of the world, gave him the key to Warrender's character, and very soon complete command over his mind. To meet a being who thinks with us, adds in-

tensity to our opinions; to meet one who will act with us, gives acceleration to all our movements. Warrender had hitherto pressed forward in the race of fortune with sufficient ardor, but now, under the stimulus presented by the new promoter and prompter of his views, he hurried on with dangerous rapidity. He was first becoming infected by that common insanity which mistakes the means for the end, when he received a sudden check. There is a fable which will briefly and aptly illustrate his position; we will adopt it for the purpose. A goat and a fox, under peculiar circumstances, got into a pit from which they found it impossible to emerge; at length the latter proposed that the goat should let him mount upon his head, and that having thus secured the means of escape for himself he in turn would assist his friend. The goat consented; Reynard got upon the pit, but forgot his partner and deliverer, leaving him to bewail the common error of deficient forethought and an unfortunate faith in a selfish ungrateful animal. In short, Warrender lost his friend and found himself in the *Gazette*.

These unlooked-for events acted upon him with a stunning effect, but the pugnant circumstances by which he was surrounded, recalled him to feeling and reflection. His family, flung from the pinnacle on which he had sought, and for a time, succeeded in placing them, inflicted deep pangs upon his spirit; with an anxious eye he looked forth from the wreck for some friendly bark to come and assist him to save them—none such appeared. Of the many who had drunk champagne at his dinner-table, none came to partake of his cup of affliction; those who had danced at his balls, assembled at his soirees, lounged about his lawn when he gave birthday-breakfast and picnic-parties, were far too busy at similar scenes elsewhere, to think of him and his reverse of fortune. He might have felt all this less bitterly had he considered what it was that in the days of his prosperity he had sought—just that which he had already found—the hollow display and cold glitter which pays ostentatious vanity and ambition with the semblance of friendship. But his hour of self-examination and moral conviction was not come, and inwardly blamable he seldom turned first to where it is in general most merited—ourselves. His sufferings made him severe in his strictures; the subversion of the long cherished dream and arduous endeavors of past years threw his mind from its balance, and rendered him insensible to the good that yet clung to him—personal liberty and the love of one devoted heart. As Mrs. Warrender had never felt an excessive exultation in their prosperity, she did not sink unduly in the hour of their adversity; yet a thousand fears more dreadful than any that mere poverty could inflict, possessed her heart. She trembled lest despair should precipitate her husband into some measure of desperation. When he left her a corroding anxiety preyed upon her spirit, and when returned to her the joy of beholding him again almost neutralized the pressing sorrows of her position.

One evening Warrender had gone forth in a mood of more than usual melancholy; dissatisfaction with himself and disgust with the world imbued his feelings with bitterness and invested his thoughts with gloom. He bent his steps to Waterloo Bridge, where the comparative solitude and silence favored his disposition to the meditation. He paused to gaze upon the scene, once pregnant for him with far other thoughts than those now engendered, and as wild impulses rose upon his spirit, he hurried on again to banish them. It is doubtful how far he might have been successful, had not his attention been arrested and the current of his feelings changed by hearing a violent altercation as he approached the toll-bar. A gentleman sought to pass, but having no coin less than a sovereign, the toll-collector, who could not give him change, was opposing his way.

"Permit me," said Warrender, who was remarkable for a ready and courteous address, "to settle this difficulty;" and as he spoke he put the penny into the toll-keeper's hand and at the same moment both parties passed on. The stranger, now free to pursue his course, turned to Warrender, exclaiming, "You have done me a great service. I have a very important engagement, which but for your timely appearance I could not keep. I thank you heartily. Here is my card. I shall be glad to be allowed an opportunity to acknowledge your courtesy." Bows were exchanged, and they parted. Warrender put the card into his waistcoat pocket and walked on.

There was nothing in this little adventure that would have awakened him, whilst in his former position, or in a healthy state of mind, to more than a passing thought for the moment, but depressed by despondency, and shunning old associates he immediately caught, as a drowning man is said to do at a straw, the new direction into which his thoughts had been invited. Again and again he took out the card and looked at it, and reviewed the circumstances which had placed it in possession. A few evenings after the event as his thoughts dwelt upon it, he suddenly resolved to call upon the stranger, and very soon after found him standing before his door. To the inquiry as to his name, when his summons was answered, he replied, "My name is of no consequence; tell your master that one of his creditors wants to see him." The servant hesitated, looked surprised, and declined to take the message till it was accompanied by one of the Warrender's cards.

In a few minutes the man returned and said that there must be some mistake, that his master had no creditors, and did not know the name on the card. "Present my compliments," said the Warrender, "and tell your master, I am not mistaken, but that I am in no hurry and will wait his convenience for the satisfaction of an interview." A quick decisive step was soon heard along the hall, and a gentleman with displeased inquiry in his aspect appeared, demanding the object of his visit, and declaring that he did not know him. Warrender smiled as he said, "What! then have you forgotten the man who purchased your liberty when you were kept prisoner on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge?" "God bless my soul! I remember you perfectly—pray come this way," saying which, he ushered Warrender into a handsome dining-room. Dinner was over, and Warrender soon found himself embarked on the tide of a pleasant conversation, in which he bore no inconsiderable part. Mr. Staunton, his host, was struck by his happy address and powers of mind, and, by the potent influence of sympathy, soon engaged Warrender in a development of his past history and present affairs. The result of this interview to the unfortunate speculator was gaining a friend, one highly calculated to restore his feelings to healthy action, and direct his mind to higher and better views than he had hitherto entertained. But Mr. Staunton was no mere theorist; as soon as he found the poverty into which Warrender and his family were sunk, he exerted himself to do them service, and ere long had the satisfaction of placing his new friend in a respectable employment on the Birmingham railway with a moderate income; nor was this all; aided by the experience of the past, he succeeded in giving him more rational views as to the objects of happiness and the aspiration worthy to animate a rational being. The change from distress and anxiety to peace and comfort operated like a kind of magic on the one would-be-millionaire. The same man used to measure his daily life in feverish dreams of speculative wealth and pompous parade, now dwelt with satisfaction on the surrender he had been compelled to make of vulgar vanities and their attendant struggles and mortifications and the estimate he had learned to make of the real constituents of respectability and enjoyment.

Time flew round, and one morning as he sat at breakfast, the current of the events which had marked his life passed in vivid review. He surveyed his home, in which the activity and economy of his wife had realized so much of graceful comfort—the nicely-kept parlor—the snowy table-cloth with its array for the morning repast—the bright fire, with the kettle humming on the hob—Frank, his little son, installed upon his knee—the baby sprawling on the carpet, rearing its rosy face with a look of recognition to its mother, who amid all her duties at the breakfast table, had a large reserve of watchfulness for her nursing—and his breast heaved with emotion that moved his heart. "You recollect, I see, Charles," said his wife, whose ready sympathy divined the course of his thoughts, "that this is one of our red-letter days—the anniversary of your meeting Mr. Staunton, and that we are to dine with him."

"I remember it," he replied, and I wish I could make a sufficient record of all I owe you and to him." Warrender drew her to his bosom and kissed her tenderly. A few minutes after, the omnibus which carried him every morning into the city, stopped at the door. Emily Warrender, with her babe in her arms, and boy by her side, stood at the window to watch his departure, with feelings of devout gratitude at the moral change, which change of fortune had effected in his character. Swiftly flew the day, for it was a busy one; but at the appointed hour, Warrender and his wife and children, assembled at Mr. Staunton's. Neatness and simplicity marked their appearance: gentleness, cheerfulness, and good sense their bearing. The cloth drawn, the first toast was "Waterloo Bridge," when Warrender, animated by the present, and stimulated by the recollection of the past, turned to the company; but directing his eyes especially to his children, said:—"Under the influence of an erroneous education, I entered life, seeking enjoyment and happiness in selfish pleasure and splendor of position; in their best results, when success was at its culminating point I found them powerless to satisfy my heart, and subversive of all the best attributes of my mind. In their loss (still under an ignorant estimate of their value,) I experienced a frightful revelation of feeling; I sank as I thought, to rise no more; I have risen—and his eyes beamed as they rested on Mr. Staunton. "I now enjoy friendship, affection, competence, and, for the first time, independence—freedom of external circumstances, of class opinions. In the comparatively humble sphere I now occupy, I am rich in the wealth of moral associations: the strain which broke other bonds, has only tightened those of real love and true friendship. The secret of happiness is to limit our individual wants, extend our moral sympathy, and strengthen our religious feelings and intellectual powers. I have arrived not merely at the conviction of these facts, but at their practice; and may hold myself to be an exemplification, though not in its usual sense, of the old adage—'A penny wise and a pound foolish'."

Cream may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then placing the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

## The Bridal Kiss.

BY "ISABEL ATHELWOOD."

It was the bridal eve of sweet Lizzie Carlton—a soft, dewy eve in golden June—calm and starry, as all bridal eyes should be, with a flood of silvery moonlight resting on the sleeping waters of the magnificent Hudson then breaking in jeweled beams through the whispering leaves of the dear old jessamine, that clustered in such luxuriant profusion all around the marble balcony—moonlight that, as it looked in, seemed softly smiling with fairy-like beauty on a group of faces, who had that night gathered in the spacious dressing room of Lizzie Carlton—a magnificent apartment which the man of wealth had fitted up for the reception of his bride.

Lizzie Carlton, was a young orphan girl—alone in the world, and homeless; perhaps it was this made every heart in our village intuitively open, to share its hoarded wealth of love with the young orphan; or it may have been her own gentleness and womanly goodness that so endeared her to all; I know not, but Lizzie was ever the idol of our village, (a New England village, too) and her pretty name dwelt in accents of praise on every lip, and in bright and loving thoughts in many a heart.

True, some marvelled that Lizzie, with all her beauty and the wealth of poetry in her young heart, should have chosen for her husband the calm, prudent, millionaire—a man of more than double her own age; cold, stern and unbending—one who had outlived everything like sentiment, romance or passion, years before he became the husband of Lizzie Carlton. And many of our good villagers were even selfish enough to smile, and term it only a marriage of convenience; for Lizzie was poor yet never selfish; and when to her surprise, the man of wealth offered the young girl a magnificent home, and princely fortune, in return for her sunny youth and rare loveliness, Lizzie calmly weighed in the balance with her own happiness her future temporal interests—when she remembered the trials of her early years, her lonely orphanage, and the uncertain future, she quietly accepted the man of wealth.

Perhaps Lizzie's philosophy may have been correct, but to a young and poetic nature, this bartering of a heart for wealth must be ever a sad trial; and Lizzie endured brief, but bitter anguish, ere she could put calmly aside all the fond hopes that clustered like tendrils of gold around the young and loving heart.

And this was Lizzie's bridal eve; she had looked forward to it with a kind of trembling anxiety, and when, with a group of gay girls who had accompanied her from her simple village home, she for the first time entered the gorgeous dwelling which was to be henceforth her own, a vague thought crept up in Lizzie's heart, that perchance all this magnificence had been purchased with the sacrifice of her own happiness.

"You are very lovely to-night, Lizzie!" said Lucy Earle, a sweet girl, who had been from childhood as a sister unto Lizzie, running her small hand as she spoke, amid the clustering curls which fell in such profusion over that girlish forehead, and among whose golden threads she was vainly endeavoring to confine the delicate folds of the bridal veil beneath the tiny diamond pin.

"Nay, I will have no jewels to-night, Lucy!" said the young bride, in a low voice, thrusting back the bright curls, which, in the soft shadow of the little night-lamp beside her, took the hue of burnished gold.

"But they are his gifts, Lizzie!" whispered Lucy, half reproachfully, and the rich color stole up over that beautiful face as the young girl drew forth from its covert hiding-place the pale pearl bracelet, that lay coiled up like a beautiful serpent, amid the folds of rose-tinted satin, in the delicately wrought casket which, an hour before, the betrothed of Lizzie Carlton had sent up for her inspection, and which, in their soft partly light, so well became her own delicate and fragile beauty.

And yet it is said to look upon the young bride in her own untorn happiness—to breathe the orange blossoms and pale rose-leaves amid her shining hair—to deck her in the snowy vestiture—to hear the low throbbing of her young heart—to listen to the few mystic words that bind her forever unto another—the oft repeated farewell, as she goes forth from the early art—from the wildly loved—the tried and faithful ones of her girlhood. Ah! all these are sad to me, are sad to me because I must ever of the hidden future—of the care and trial and heart-felt anguish which may be mingled in the young bride's life; and remember that her golden dreams, starry anticipations, and sunny future, often prove but visions in a woman's life.

And it may be such thoughts as these stole into the heart of Lizzie at this moment; for her clear violet eyes were dewy with tears when she rose up at the summons of her bridesmaid to go forth.

Lizzie's face was pale but quietly happy, and when I whispered, as she softly withdrew—Just one more kiss, dear Lizzie! her sweet face was dimpled over with happy smiles, like sunlight breaking over the silver waters of a fountain. Then the little gloved hand was nestling in my own warm palm—an instant I felt the light tremor which pervaded her frame—her warm lips pressed my own—but at that moment a cold thrill shot through my whole frame—a trembling sensation ran along my veins—an icy chilling tremor, as if my lips had pressed a marble statue, instead of the young and beautiful life

which stood in such beauty before me. It was but the work of an instant—and Lizzie passed on to the gay group beneath; but I never forgot the strange, chilling bridal kiss of Lizzie Carlton.

"You will be very happy in your new home, Lizzie!" I said musingly, as the young girl waved her white arms softly around me, a few days after her marriage, as we stood alone on the balcony, gazing at the restless waves of the Hudson beneath, as the noble river wound for miles, and miles, like a silver thread, on its glorious path—at one moment calmly singing in the soft sunshine, and anon rushing forward, like an impetuous child, with its everlasting music to the far-off sea.

"Yes! I shall be happy, very happy—perhaps," said Lizzie, mournfully—closing her blue eyes, that the warm tears might not break through their shining lashes. A slight cough had interrupted her, and Lizzie's cheek was very pale when she whispered in the low sad tones I shall never forget:

"My husband is kind and good—I shall learn to love him!"

Poor Lizzie! I left her amid the solitude of her palace home, wondering whether a woman may indeed school her heart to love the man of her choice after marriage.

Just two months after, I again stood in the bridal chamber of Lizzie Carlton—but it was very quiet now, and the dim light which fell through the shrouded windows rested with mournful sadness on those who glided so noiselessly through the spacious rooms.

The same group of village girls who had decked Lizzie for the first joyous bridal stood in the shadowy gloom of the gorgeous apartment. A single ray of fading sunlight pierced through the stained glass windows, and fell in star-like beauty amid the clustering flowers of the sweet jessamine—bathing the bridal chamber in a soft purple glow, like the mellowed light and shade in the background of a picture.

I drew near where they told me Lizzie lay, and thrusting back the heavy silken curtains, looked in upon the second bridal of Lizzie Carlton. She was dead.

The clear, rounded arms were folded in marble-like beauty over the pulseless bosom, and a smile of heavenly serenity rested on the pale cold lips which had been so beautiful in life. Long I gazed in the sweet uplifted face, and when one who had been beside Lizzie when the trial-hour drew near, told me of all her gentleness and meekness—how she had calmly folded her white hands over her bosom, when they told her she must die, and smiled her own bright smile of the olden time, when she bade them not grieve, for she was only going home to Heaven—I knew it must be so, that Lizzie was with her sister angels—safely housed in Heaven, and when I lifted the fair young head, with all its wealth of shining golden curls, and pillowed it upon my own young heart and pressed my quivering lips close to the marble ones of the early dead, then I remembered that first cold bridal kiss—yet was there no bitterness in my heart at that thought—no grief was swept away for I knew, even then, she was kneeling beneath the shadow of the Throne—angels were ministering unto her, for her bridal was in Heaven!

## Education of the People.

What is education? This is one of the waterwords, almost a cant word, of the day, but few words are so vague. It is said by the friends of the working classes that their first great want is a better education. Let us try to understand what this is.

The great end is not to train a man to get a living. This is plain, because life was given for a higher end than simply to toil for its prolongation. A comfortable subsistence is indeed very important to the purposes of life, be this what it may. A man half-fed, half-clothed, and fearing to perish from famine and cold, will be too crushed in spirit to do the proper work of a man. He must be set free from the iron grasp of want, from the constant pressure of painful sensations, from grinding, ill-requited toil. Unless a man be trained to get a comfortable support, his prospects of improvement are poor. But if his education aims at nothing more, his life will turn to little account.

To educate a man is to draw out his mind and unfold his faculties, to give him the free and full use of his powers, and especially his best powers. It is first to train the intellect, to give him a love of Truth, and to instruct him in the processes by which it may be acquired. It is to train him to soundness of judgment, to teach him to weigh evidence, and to guard him against the common sources of error. It is to give him a thirst for knowledge, which will keep his faculties in action through life. It is to aid him in the study of the outward world, to initiate him into the physical sciences, so that he will understand the principles of his trade or business, and will be able to comprehend the phenomena which are continually passing before his eyes. It is to make him acquainted with his own nature, to give that most important means of improvement, self-comprehension.

In the next place to educate a man, is to train the conscience, to give him a quick discernment of the Right, to teach him Duty in its great principles and immediate applications, to establish in him immutable principles of action. It is to show him his true position in the world, his true relation to God and his fellow-beings, and the immutable obligations laid on him by these. It is to inspire him with the Idea of Perfection, to give him a high moral aim, and to show him this may be maintained in the commonest toils, and how

everything may be made to contribute to its accomplishment.

Further, to educate a man in this country, is to teach him to be a good citizen, to establish in him the principles of political science, to make him acquainted with our history, government and laws, and to teach him our great interests as a nation, and the policy by which they are to be advanced, and to impress him deeply with his responsibilities, his great trust, his obligations to disinterested patriotism as the citizen of a free State.

Again, to educate a man, is to cultivate his imagination and taste, to awaken his sensibility to the Beautiful in nature and art, to give him the capacity of enjoying the writings of men of genius, to prepare him for the innocent and refined pleasures of literature.

We will only add, to educate a man is to cultivate his powers of expression, so that he can bring out his thoughts with clearness and strength, and exert a moral influence over his fellow creatures. This is essential to the true enjoyment and improvement of social life.

According to these views the laboring classes may be said to have, as yet, few means of education, excepting those which Providence furnishes in the relations, changes, occupations, and discipline of life. The great school of life, of Providence is indeed open to all—but what, we would ask, is done by our public institutions for the education of the people? In the mechanical nature of our common schools, is it ever proposed to unfold the various faculties of a human being, and to prepare him for self improvement through life? Indeed, according to the views of education now given, how defective are our institutions for rich as well as poor, and what a revolution is required in our whole system of training the young.

The great aim of philanthropy should be, that every member of society may receive such an education as has been described. To bring forward every human being, to develop every mind, is the great purpose of society. We say of society, not of Government; for government is a mere instrument for holding society together, a condition of its existence, and not the great purpose by which its ends are to be accomplished. One of the pernicious doctrines of the day, very pernicious to the working classes, is, that government is to regenerate society, and exalt the individual to his true dignity. Government enables us to live together in society, and to make efforts for our own and other's welfare. But social progress depends upon the spring in each man's breast, and not on the operations of the State. Government may be compared to the foundation and walls of a manufactory, which enclose and protect the moving and guiding powers. It is not the moving or guiding power—but the necessary condition of their action. It may aid in the means and establishment of a proper school system, but the people must not look to it for what their own energies can alone effect.

How are people to obtain the thorough education of which we have spoken?—How are the children of the laboring classes to be supplied with the means of a thorough intellectual and moral training? One reply to this question, and a reply which has found favor with the working classes, is that the public should sustain extensive institutions in which the poor shall receive as liberal instructions as the rich. In other words, the rich should educate the children of the comparatively poor, and should appropriate to this object a large part of their wealth; for the institutions proposed would be more costly than all others which now exist.

## The Uses of Afflictions.

All our afflictions are intended and adapted to fit us for heaven—so necessary, that we could not be admitted to glory without them. And did we ever seriously consider what Heaven is? The highest stretch of imagination can scarcely frame anything like the height, depth and breadth of that ecstasy which is enjoyed for one hour in that blessed place; it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive its joy. The transformed body and purified spirit will be one living thrill of transport. What shall we not endure to gain a residence here! With what labor and diligence do we crowd day after day, to gather up a few comforts of life—how we spend the vigor of our years to purchase the little season of repose at the very end of our life—though we know it is but a gleam of light which will quickly be swallowed up in the tomb. But once enter the portals of heaven, and the purified eye shall stretch itself over interminable regions of light and gladness, till it is dazzled and lost in the depths of its own glorious vision—Ages of eternity shall come on, like vast rolling waves on the ocean of bliss, and break on these enlarged spirits, and empty out their gushing streams, while every channel of the feelings shall widen, and deepen, and stretch, and overflow without intermission and without end.

BE NOT OVER ANXIOUS.—Almost all men are over anxious. No sooner do they enter the world than they loose their taste for natural and simple pleasures, so remarkable in early life. Every hour they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth and honor? And as they go, as their faculties went before them, till weary and sick they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden time of their childhood.

Too true.—Bishop Hall has remarked, in his pithy way, "Heaven hath many tongues that talk of it, more eyes to behold it, but few hearts that rightly affect it."



## Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

The following are the words of my text this morning:

If I had a shilling, what would I do with it? Do you think I would give it to you?

My hearers—(that little word of "I," though insignificant to look at, is one of the most important and powerful in the English language. It serves as a propeller, sometimes, to mighty big sentences; and were it not for the diminutive, though equally potent, monosyllable, *that*, there would be no telling where its go-ahead-iveness would end. Now, my beloved, delectable, deceiving and deceived wretches, how often do you say to yourselves, "If I only had such and such a thing, I would do so and so," when you know very well, or ought to know—from observation and your own experience—that you would not do any such thing. An *if*, planted in the path of your purpose, might as well be there as not for, were it not removed, you would turn off and take some other road. You, who are poor and lazy, think that if you had 500 dollars, just for a starter, you would go to work with it and build up a fortune in a hurry; but you are deceived—industry, energy and ambition, can acquire wealth, without a red cent to begin with; but laziness, even with the assistance of five hundred dollars, must forever remain in the mire of poverty. You think that if you were wealthy—had a few millions at command—you would be as happy as a young pig in a sugar hogstye; but no—you would be eternally stung by the sting of care, and your life would be as miserable as mine is careless and contented. You think that if you had all this money, you would open your eyes, your heart, and your purse, to the calls of charity, and lend small sums to the poor, by giving sixpence to the poor and needy; but then again you are mistaken; for when a pitiful beggar came to implore your assistance, you would cast upon him a fearful and stinging frown—frown from a fretted soul within, and look for all the world like a rat-dog lying in the sun, scowling and snarling at the annoying importunities of a housefly.

My dear friends—(you who have not passed that "Garden" from which no traveller returns)—I mean you who are not yet married, but who desire to be—think that, if you were happily engaged, love would twin your arm in the wreath of joy and bliss around your hearts, never to fade, never to die; that you could live upon love when beef and bread and potatoes were scarce; that then the golden moments and silver-winged hours would flit as noiselessly and prettily along life's flowery lane as butterfly o'er the blossomed heath; and the atmosphere perpetually glittering with the sparkles of pleasure, shrouded from the just pangs of Time. But don't you indulge in any such romantic notions. This hot sun of love will soon cool, in a degree, even if it is the warm sun of a radiant, dawning sky; and in your garden of delight, will now and then be found a flower without fragrance, and roses that bloom amid thorns. The just you can reasonably expect to find in the dominion of matrimony, my friends, is a happy home, a small but steady stream of love, contentment, peace, and this is far more, your weather-warped, pride-plumaged and once-soured old maid and bachelors ever thought of possessing.

My hearers—(if, no doubt you each say, "I want to live in the over again, I would pursue altogether a different course. I would avoid every tree and stump that I have run against in my travels, steer clear of every male fool, and arrive at the end of life with a clean shirt and unburied sins. There is little question but you would; but remember you have only one life to live in this troublesome world, so slave all *and* *if* and *only* aside, and go the rest of the way as if you had parted by the post. The lamp of reason will guide you from sloughs and ditches, the star of hope will cheer you onward, temperance will give you strength to progress, prudence and economy will keep you in funds, virtue will prevent your being waylaid by the robbers of one's reputation, I will do all I can, without breaking my back or cracking my character, to help you safe and singly through. So note it, I bid!

This little sermon was a beautiful bunch of flowers, on Thursday last, is respectfully requested to rise and make herself heard—(if she likes the exercise)—to do as I wish to say a few words to let down the down-steps concerning her troupe, and perhaps everything will be all right. Some scattered seeds, the bouquet almost as soon as received.

A man named John Andrew Stewart a distinguished member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has recently paid a visit to Lowell. He relates in a letter to the *Lowell Advertiser* the following anecdote:

"On looking over the city roll or book, which I accidentally picked up from the table, I found in twenty-five consecutive pages containing eight hundred signatures, nearly all of them, but a single one that made a mark or X, all written in a good, and many of them in a most elegant hand. The others, observed to me that Lord Morpeth, when on a visit to this country some years ago, happened to be present on pay day, and with some simple equipment.

"What do your operatives write?" "Certainly not," said the clerk, the Americans all write." Directly there came in a man who made his mark. "Ah," said his lordship with a smile, "I thought you said all wrote." All *Americans* your lordship this was an *Englishman*. Whereupon his lordship "grinned a ghastly smile."

Gen. Wool's Army. We hear, (says the St. Louis Republican), from a source entitled to confidence, that Gen. Wool's army has been ordered to march to Mexico, where it will be joined by all the disposable forces under Gen. Taylor, to march for Tampico, and constitute the advance of the twenty thousand men, who were already sent, one to march against the city of Mexico. If any demonstration is to be made against Chihuahua by Col. Graham, he will, it is now certain, do it without the cooperation of Gen. Wool, and with a force, the efficiency of which is very much impaired by the loss of almost every one of its best officers and men.

## TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE, Jan. 2.

THE SENATE WAS IN SESSION.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

Hon. Mr. The House having been appealed to to support the way to supply the Government with the means to carry it on, and the Secretary of the Treasury having for this purpose recommended a tax on tea and coffee in order to enable the Government to obtain a loan, the question was brought up to-day, for early adjustment. The House thought it best to give an early answer to the proposition of the Secretary of the Treasury, and today they did answer it.

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, offered a resolution this morning as follows:

*Resolved*, That it is inexpedient to impose any duty on tea and coffee.

Every effort was made to get rid of the question by the opponents of the resolution but in vain.

A motion to lay the resolution on the table was rejected—yeas 49, nays 103.

The resolution was then adopted—yeas 115, nays 48.

The majority is composed of anti-war and protective tariff wings, and protective tariff and Lake Harbor Democrats.

Among the majority are many who voted for a tax on tea and coffee, in a time of profound peace, and now oppose it as a war tax.

This vote caused not a little consternation among those Democrats who support Mr. Polk's policy. They rallied, and proposed to adopt a course that would fix their admission to a proposition less defensible, or put them in an attitude of gross inconsistency.

Mr. James of Mo. offered a resolution as follows:

*Resolved*, That the people of the United States are too patriotic to refuse to submit to necessary taxes in time of war.

A motion to lay this on the table was lost, 22 to 197.

Though the House was thin to-day, yet the vote was a fair test of its opinion on the tea and coffee duty.

The following resolution offered by Mr. Tibbatts of Kentucky was adopted:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on Ways and Means inquire into the expediency of increasing the tariff on tea and coffee to the revenue standard will permit; of imposing duties on spirits distilled or manufactured in the United States; also on licenses to retailers of liquors; also on pleasure carriages and gold and silver ware, as a war measure, instead of levying duties on tea and coffee.

From New York Evening Post.

Monday, Jan. 1.

In the House to-day, Mr. Preston King of New York, asked the consent of the House to introduce a bill, which upon being read, proved to be the most important and interesting in its character of any that has been introduced this session.

It was a bill entitled "An act making further provision for the expenses attending the intercourse between the United States and foreign nations."

The preamble set forth that the President had declared that he was desirous of concluding a peace with Mexico, on the most liberal terms, and that he desired a special supply of the means of negotiation.

The first section appropriates \$30,000 for the expenses attending the opening of negotiations. The second section prohibits in perpetuity the existence of slavery in any territory to be hereafter acquired by the United States, but provides that any fugitive into said territory from labor or service elsewhere, may be lawfully reclaimed.

The last section proposes the appropriation of ten millions of dollars, to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace with Mexico, for the expenditure of which he shall account in the usual manner.

Objections were immediately raised to the reception of this bill, but Mr. King had it read for information, and procured the withdrawal of the objection so as to get it before the House.

Mr. King then moved the postponement of the special order of the day, the bill for the increase of the army, and take up this one. On the motion to postpone, the yeas and nays were called, and the motion was lost by one majority. The vote was yeas 88, nays 89.

The President's private Secretary then came in, and delivered the President's message upon the matter of an increase of the army, and the appointment of a deputy Commander-in-Chief of all the forces. It was read and referred to the military committee.

Then the House went into a committee of the whole upon the order of the day, the bill for raising ten additional regiments of regular troops. Some notions of amendment were made, and a general debate was opened upon the war and kindred questions.

Mr. McGeorge of Indiana, denounced the war from the beginning to its contemplated ending, and Mr. Owen, upon the other side, defended it.

In the Senate, the only thing of interest was a resolution adopted on motion of Mr. Webster, calling for the correspondence between Commodore Perry and the Commanders of the French and English vessels of war who so gallantly and generously assisted in saving part of the crew of the brig *Sunam*, who she was overtaken. The message of the President on the subject of an increase of the army was read and referred, as in the House.

In the House on Wednesday, on motion of Mr. Hamilton, the vote of yesterday laying on the table part of the President's message in relation to the appointment of a Lieutenant General of the army, was reconsidered, by a vote of yeas 84 to nays 84. The question recurring again on the motion to lay up on the table, it was decided in the negative, yeas 92, nays 97. The subject was then referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Hamilton's motion of yesterday to close the debate on the bill for increasing the regular army by the addition of ten regiments, was negatively—yeas 91, nays 97.

The following is the message referred to above:

*TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.*  
JAMES K. POLK, President.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 30th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 31st inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2nd inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 7th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 8th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I have also the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., in relation to the war with Mexico, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

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Gen. Taylor left Monterey, on the 15th with an escort of cavalry, for Victoria. Gen. Twiggs and Col. P. F. Smith, with their respective commands, were at Victoria, and previous to the departure of Gen. Taylor from Monterey, Gen. Quitman, with his brigade, had left for that point. Gen. Taylor, in a conversation with Capt. Yeatman, expressed the opinion that it would be impossible to march upon San Luis Potosi from the northern extremity of his lines, until the rainy season sets in in June next. The report that Santa Anna had cut off the water tanks between him and the American posts is not true, but the country is almost destitute of water, unless during the rainy season, and in one part of the road, there is, even in that season, a distance of ninety miles to be marched, without the possibility of finding any.

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A report reached Galveston, December 29th, that Col. Riley was surrounded by 2000 Mexicans at Morelos. The report was not credited.

On a Forth in the Field. The Washington Union of Saturday, publishes the report of the Adjutant General of the United States Army, General R. Jones, and from which it appears that the Regulars in the field, including officers and men, number 6,613. Troops at sea, and under orders to join the army, 1,694. Regulars on route for the seat of war 762. Aggregate of Regulars 8,473. Volunteers in the field 15,745; at sea for California 793. Aggregate of Volunteers 16,514—amounting in all to an army of 24,987.

War News. Gen. Taylor refused to accept Captain Rhine's company at Monterey, upon the ground that he was ordered by the government of the United States not to proceed or advance further into the country, until the action of the present Congress can be had upon the subject of war. Capt. Rhine therefore left Camargo on the 6th Dec. to join Gen. Lamar at Laredo.

Capt. Hardy, of the schooner H. M. Johnson, from Tampico, on the 18th ult., reports that Colonel Gates, the commander at Tampico, had proclaimed to be under



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